

I could never agree with the logic behind the Rubik's cube. Why should we endeavour to fix faces of the same colour together? Isn't an arrangement of a myriad of different coloured faces placed side-by-side much complementary? I perceive our society in the same vein. The different faces of the cube represent the diversity present in our society and I strive for happiness among the different faces. I am fortunate to be blessed with the ability to help less fortunate members of our society, thus I should make the most of it by passing the blessings to others in the form of happiness. This, I believe.

My friends always ask me how I manage to maintain my jovial disposition. The explanation I gave is, "there's no reason to be unhappy." I have a loving family, good results and caring friends, what else could I wish for? On second thoughts, I do have a wish: for everyone to be as happy as I am. Ever since an incident moulded me into who I am today, I've lived with the mission of spreading joy to my neighbouring Rubik squares.

It all started when my friend, Tien, proposed to make butterflies from recycled cans for sale to ease the financial burden of a needy classmate. I agreed to this with alacrity. For two months, after successfully collecting a hundred drink cans, I visited Tien's house weekly for butterflies-making lessons conducted by her mother.

The making of these intricate butterflies was a bumpy course. Often, the sharp edges of the cans would graze my fingers, leaving red angry slashes on my skin. Wincing at the throbbing pain, I persisted in weaving more butterflies, for I was not content with what little butterflies I've made.

Every cell of mine screamed in protest as I abused my sore fingers into weaving more butterflies. As the pile of butterflies beside me grew, the happiness in my heart multiplied. It was the thought of helping others to find happiness that kept me marching forward in this arduous path. Because of the colourful cans used, the butterflies were of many different splendid hues and shades, with colours ranging from fiery red to sunny yellow. These vibrant butterflies and the countless cuts I bore marked my desire to spread happiness.

Every single butterfly sold at the charity drive represented people's well-wishes for my classmate. These butterflies, like guardian angels, delivered these well-wishes safely to him. I pictured a grateful face receiving the precious money; felt the happiness that warmed his heart and hope in him reignited. A warm, fuzzy feeling radiated throughout me, as if I'd drunk a steaming mug of hot chocolate.

Till now, the identity of this classmate remains anonymous. Yet the happiness I felt was unmistakable. Greg Webster once said, "It's the quest for happiness that allows us to think we're happy, while we continue working for more". *Heal the world; make it a better place, for you and for me and the entire human race... ..*